at the time. I would give much to be able to record it all in detail, but — it mry be my fault — writing is not the medium in which this can be done. Sometimes I have thought of giving readings of " Hamlet/' for I can remember every tone of Henry's voice, every emphasis, every shade of meaning that he saw in the lines and made manifest to the discerning. Yes, I think I could give some pale idea of what his Hamlet was if I read the play.

" Words ! words ! words ! " What is it to say, for instance, that the cardinal qualities of his Prince of Denmark were strength, delicacy, distinction ? There was never a touch of commonness. Whatever he did or said, blood and breeding pervaded him.

His " make-up " was very pale, and this made his face beautiful when one was close to him, but at a distance it gave ham a haggard look. Some said he looked twice his

He kept three things going at the same time — the antic madness, the sanity, the sense of the theatre. The last was to all that he imagined and thought, what charity is said by St. Paul to be to all other virtues.

He was never cross or moody — only melancholy. His melancholy was as simple as it was profound. It was touching, too, rather than defiant- You never thought that he was wantonly sad and enjoying his own misery.

He neglected no *coup de thedtre* to assist him, but who notices the servants when the host is present ?

For instance, his first entrance as Hamlet was, what we call in the theatre, very much "worked up." He was always a tremendous believer in

processions, and rightly. It is through such means that Royalty keeps its hold on the feeling of the public, and makes its mark as a Figure and a Symbol. Henry Irving understood this. Therefore, to music so apt that it was not remarkable in